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AN OLIVER FOR A ROWLAND;

OR,

A COW POX EPISTLE

TO THE

REVEREND ROWLAND HILL,

"UNDER THE WING OF SURREY CHAPEL."

BY BENJAMIN MOSELEY, M. D.

AUTHOR OF A

TREATISE ON TROPICAL DISEASES;

OF A

TREATISE ON COFFEE;

OF

MEDICAL TRACTS,—

Containing Dissertations on Sugar; on the Yaws; on Obi, or African Witchcraft; on the Plague, and Yellow Fever of America; on Hospitals; on Bronchocele; on Prisons, &c.

OF

A Treatise on the Lues Bovilla; or Cow Pox;

AND OF

Commentaries on the Lues Bovilla; or Cow Pox.

PHYSICIAN TO THE ROYAL MILITARY HOSPITAL AT CHELSEA,
MEMBER OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF LONDON,
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEYDEN, OF THE AMERICAN
PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY AT PHILADELPHIA, &C.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

SOLD BY LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER ROW;
ASPERNE, CORNHILL; CUTHELL AND MARTIN, MIDDLE ROW;
HIGHLEY, FLEET STREET; RIDGEWAY, PICCADILLY;
AND CALLOW, CROWN COURT.

1806.

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AN OLIVER FOR A ROWLAND, &c.

CHAPTER I.

"It is the very error of the Moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad." SHAKESPEARE.

ROWLAND,

I BOUGHT your Pamphlet, entitled *"Cow Pock Inoculation Vindicated;"* dated the 25th of March 1806.

I paid a shilling for it. ROWLAND,—it is not dear. The same quantity of Folly, Falsehood, and Impudence, could not have been bought for twice the money of any other Cow Poxer;—from the Ganges to the Mississippi.

But let me ask you, ROWLAND, what could induce you to take up your pen to attack me on the subject of Physic, who never attacked you on the subject of Religion?

Would it not have been more prudent in you, to have continued to expose yourself, only in your own trade, in your own shop?

As to my learned friend Dr. LETTSOM—who is never out of the way when any good is to be done,—being moved to instigate you, a Methodist Parson, to enter into a Medical Controversy;—that can only be accounted for, by supposing he owes you a grudge; and put you into my hands for payment *.

Perhaps

* The Reader will be pleased to observe, that ROWLAND HILL had not seen the First Edition of my COMMENTARIES ON THE COW POX, before he published his Pamphlet; nor ever had the smallest provocation from me, for his scurrility.

Perhaps he thinks, that Cow Pox Inoculation may be kept alive, for some time longer, by hard labouring,—not on the understanding, but on the passions of the ignorant; and knowing you, ROWLAND, to be no despicable hand at that work, set you a going.

LETTSOM, I must say, did not, on the present occasion, display his usual sagacity. Your resuscitating Pamphlet, would have given more stimulus to the—

"————*birth-strangled Babe,*
Ditch-delivered by a Drab;"

had it been administered from your Pulpit. Stage effect is a great matter. HORACE was of that opinion. But the decorous DOCTOR does not go to Plays and Farces, as I do; and may be unacquainted with your qualification as an Actor.

What a cordial must it be to your Apostolic nerves, to be told by an old, experienced Physician, page 56, of your Pamphlet, that "the good your Pamphlet will do (before he had seen it) will be difficult to calculate;"—and this on a subject, where he himself has done so much good, and already produced benefits, not only difficult, but impossible to calculate!

It is rather unlucky however, that the zealous DOCTOR forgot to tell you, that you have come

The First Edition, and His Pamphlet, were in the Press at the same time; and finished, I believe, on the same day.

When my COMMENTARIES were in the Press, I heard from good Authority, that ROWLAND was very busy in a Philippic against me. I thought the opportunity should not be lost, of sending a Small OLIVER into the world, by way of Companion to it.

This information, and his making the Cow Pox a subject in his disgusting discourses, gave rise to what I there said respecting him.

into

into the field, when the battle is over. The Victory is mine; and the REPORT of the Jennerian Society, that circulates with your Pamphlet, circulates the triumph of the chosen band, which has fought on my side.

Look at *Article* IX. of that REPORT, and you will find the Jennerian Society has submitted; and confesses that, *the Cow Pox is not a Security against the Small Pox.* This is admitted in the most unequivocal, but most ungracious manner, by the SOCIETY; and attested by DR. JENNER.

This Confession, like a difficult birth, seems to have given great pangs in the delivery. But it ends all contest. I am now at Peace with the SOCIETY. I war not with the dead.

The SOCIETY has thus given up the point; for which the sum of £.10,000. was paid, and for which, Vaccination was sanctioned.

Will it then become the SOCIETY to continue a practice, which secures no human being from the Small Pox, and is often productive of the greatest mischiefs; and that has brought into the world several new diseases, by which the children of the neglected poor, have been so severely scourged*?

Now, ROWLAND, every person must see the folly of your taking up the cudgels, when the SOCIETY has laid them down. Besides, as you are not a Medical man, you are not legally authorised to do mischief; and inflict diseases, which you know not how to treat. As the Cow Pox is now proved, and admitted by all, to be no preventive of the Small Pox, whatever

* I. *Facies Bovilla*, or Cow Pox Face; II. *Scabies Bovilla*, or Cow Pox Itch, or Mange; III. *Tinea Bovilla*, or Cow Pox Scaldhead; IV. *Elephantiasis Bovilla*, or Cow Pox Farcy, of which there are several species.

further shall be done in Vaccination, must be considered as a mere matter of experiment, and ought to be put under some restrictions, and prohibited, in such hands as yours.

You say, ROWLAND, page 47, "the DOCTOR (meaning me) gives us to understand, that the Cow Pock Inoculation will turn us all into Fools." ROWLAND,—you did not want Inoculating; and it was a very silly trick in you to transfuse any foolish matter into your veins; by vaccinating yourself so clumsily, as you say you did, page 44, on the back of your hand.

It is to this operation, ROWLAND, more than to Dr. LETTSOM's counsel, I attribute your Pamphlet. The Cow Pox, you know I have always said, makes strange mutations in the mind, as well as in the body. It is scarcely three months since I, by mistake, paid you a compliment; which I have since learnt, was not due to you.

But, ROWLAND,—although I did advance a deposit, for the state of morals I supposed you were then in, you must remember, I qualified it, by insinuating, that I conceived you would not long remain so; before I knew that you had Cow Poxed yourself, or had any intercourse with Dr. LETTSOM.—Had I known these things, there would have been no merit in my prediction.

You see, ROWLAND, how we Prophets find out matters.

ROWLAND,—you were never suspected of being a *Cunning Man*;—how then did you know that I had got all your old friend Moore's rattle-traps, and conjurations?—And that it was by the help of the Stars, that I found out all your Cow Poxing secrets?

Dr.

Dr. THORNTON, did indeed discover that I was a Prophet; but not the principles by which I foretold in 1798, that "the Cow Pox would be no permanent security against the Small Pox;" and as you say, "the future ravages of the Small Pox after Cow Pox, and twenty frightful diseases besides;"—when Vaccination was only in its infancy.

Against the first of these predictions of mine, Dr. JENNER commenced Prophet—of *Refutation*.

"Some there are (says the DOCTOR), who suppose the security from the Small Pox, obtained through the Cow Pox, will be of a temporary nature only. This supposition is *refuted*, not only by analogy, with respect to the *habits* of diseases of a *similar* nature; but by incontrovertible facts, which appear in great numbers against it. To those already adduced in the former part of my first Treatise, many more might be added, were it deemed necessary *."

How the DOCTOR's divination has turned out, the world is able to determine; by melancholy disappointment.

Neither could THORNTON find out, as you have done, page 30, that I am one of those,—"wisely pretending to *foretel* what is to be, *before* it is."

These are your words, ROWLAND. They shew that you have some smattering in occult sciences, and will in time "*foretel* what is to be," *after* it is.

Since you vaccinated yourself, through a blunder, you give us to understand, ROWLAND, that the Cow Pox virus has so tickled your

* "*An Inquiry into the Cow Pox*," &c. 2d Edition, page 172, published early in 1800.

fancy, that you amuse yourself, in your idle hours, by Cow Poxing yourself, for fun.—And you say, page 45, your Assistant's Niece, "a girl *about* twelve years of age—makes the lancet charged with Vaccine matter quite a *play thing*."

Upon my word, ROWLAND, I would give the price of a seat at Sadler's Wells, to see you and this girl *playing at Cow Pock*.—The girl, it is supposed, lisps a little; for, they say, she tells every body that *Mister* ROWLAND has taught her how to *Inofculate*.

ROWLAND,—by the Stars I see, you are no better than you should be.

ROWLAND,—don't tell me that this Girl is "*about* twelve years of age." The Moon informs me, she has been six times round the Sun, since this Girl was twelve years old.

ROWLAND, take care,—my OBI is not to be deceived.—You know it.

Pray, ROWLAND, how old is the Lady, mentioned at page 31, with whom you played the part of Falstaff, so admirably?

Scene.

Enter ROWLAND, *and* LADY; *as* Falstaff, *and* Hostess Quickly.

ROWLAND. "*Madam, you are an Otter. A thing to thank God on.*" "You are an animal. Nay you are a Compound of all sorts of animals. The flesh of fish, fowls, and beasts of different sorts, has been incorporated into your animal frame; even from that most filthy creature the hog."

LADY. "O, Sir, but I never buy any pork unless it has been dairy-fed."

ROWLAND. "Madam, you never can tell who or what feeds that filthy unclean beast that

feeds

feeds you; nor could you taste the least difference if you did, but as fancy might supply you with a false taste upon the occasion. And while you can live upon hog, you need not wonder, that the same animals as you are, less dainty or perhaps less fanciful than yourself, feed upon that, which you disdain to touch. I believe it is nothing but custom, that makes you prefer the well-fed hog, to the well-fed horse; or to a roasted puppy; or to a slice of a dead man."

LADY. "I am comforted."

ROWLAND. "By no means then quarrel with the *Cow*. Her breath is like a nosegay. Her flesh is wholesome food. The flesh of her young is still more palatable and good; and having deprived her of her offspring, we give to our very children the same sustenance which Nature has provided for her Calf."

LADY. "I am quite satisfied."

ROWLAND. "Do you not then cease to wonder, that a slight disease, communicated to the constitution from a creature so clean and pure, is likely to be attended with half the mischief that must naturally be expected from the communication of a contagious disease so leprous and filthy, as the Small Pox; and from one foul-feeding carnivorous human being to another."

LADY. "I am stounded."

ROWLAND. "And well you may. Madam, I tell you her very Dung is a fine poultice for Horses feet, and *greasy-heels*. Kings and Princes eat it, by way of *Mustard;* and Dr. MOSELEY knows it, if he were candid enough to confess it."

I do confess it ROWLAND. You are very right. Truth sometimes surprises me, but never offends

offends me. I have seen many Kings and Princes,—sable ones, ROWLAND—eat voraciously of this Cow Pox *Mustard*. Try it, ROWLAND; and you will never eat Durham Mustard again. I will give you the Receipt for making it, from a work of the highest authority.

Mind, ROWLAND.

"Take the finest part of the filth in the guts of the COW, and season it with salt and pepper. Mix the ingredients well together."

I know my credit has long stood very low with Cow Poxers; but I hope this will raise it; and, as a further confirmation of your correctness, I refer scrupulous readers to the learned work itself; where they will not only find the above Receipt, but the following interesting remarks on it.

"This *Mustard*, made with Cow-dung, is reckoned a most curious Sauce by the Æthiopians,—mind, ROWLAND—by the Æthiopians;—and they call it *Manta*. But only Princes, and very great persons, can attain this Royal Dish; because it requires much Pepper, which all men have not*."

Mind, ROWLAND. It requires *much* Pepper; an article, luckily for Cow Poxers, not dear in England.

You say, ROWLAND, page 59, that "Nature has provided us with *two* skins; but minute Anatomists tell us of a *third*, scarcely perceptible." ROWLAND, how many skins had this Lady of yours?—I predict you will answer *three*.

Is her *third* skin black, or white?—I foretel you will say *black*.

* *Travels of the Jesuits in Æthiopia.* By FATHER BALTHASSER TELLEZ. English Edition, page 42.

Then,

Then, ROWLAND, I prophecy, that your Lady came from the *Coromantine* regions; that her hair curls; that she has neither the nose of a philosopher, nor the lips of a scold; and that many a time she has eaten *Foofoo*, out of an human skull, almost as thick as yours.

ROWLAND, proclaim these things to the Cow-Pox *Saints* dwelling in Gath and Ascalon; and send an account of them to the *Bell-man*, at Frome; the mouthing fellow you employed, page 18, to announce your arrival, on your Cow Pox mission, at that place.

ROWLAND,—though you are a Jack of All Trades, you must not turn botcher of words upon us.

You let yourself into a small scrape, page 71, in attempting to cobble a word of mine, that did not want mending.

That you, ROWLAND,—who really cannot spell, should attempt to talk about false concords; and then illustrate your ignorance, by shewing, that you do not know a blunder of the press, from blunders like your own,—is quite in character.

How, ROWLAND,—ought a *boy* to be whipped for the usurpation of an *e* for an *a*; making the word *men*, instead of *a man*?

Suppose this same impertinent letter *e* should escape from a boy's hand, and take the place of *i*, in your name, and make it appear that HELL was to be seen in Surrey Chapel,—would you apply the birch? No, ROWLAND, certainly not. —That would be *Hellish*, I mean *Hillish*, severe indeed.

I will now tell you, ROWLAND, what a *man* ought to be whipped for.

You have made an *Erratum* for *Errata*. At pages

pages 34, 45, and 52, you have given us a tolerable specimen of your knowledge of concordance; "Advertisements *furnishes*;" "Observations as *it* respects;" "I who *knows*:" Will this do, ROWLAND?—Now for a little of your bad spelling, and slip-slop.

At p. 3, "ameliorates human woe." At p. 32, "carniverous." At p. 34, "occured." At p. 42, "to ameliorate the disease;" and "physicings." At p. 46, "transmogrifications *." At p. 49, "*quantity* of dephlogistification." At p. 51, "let them try to *catch* the other (the Small Pox) as *hard*, and as *fast* as they can." At p. 52, "*first* origin." At p. 62. "*off* the one glass *on* the other."

Now, ROWLAND, these are pure, and genuine morsels of ignorance, which admit of no palliation; because your *Erratum*, as you call it, stares you in the face.

You see, ROWLAND, in your officious bungling, what a hand the *Old One* makes, when he fancies he is correcting sin.

I should not have noticed these things, had you not o'erstepped the usual modesty of your nature, and turned Critic upon us. Besides, you are not deeply absorbed in study. You do not want for leisure; and have no excuse for sending forth a little, malignant, wrangling pamphlet, with bad spelling, and scarcely one line of common English in it.

You cannot write. You had no business to write; and, bad as all the Cow Poxers are in their writings, I really think you are nearly the worst. Your Cow Pox brethren, to whom you read your Pamphlet in Manuscript, must be a

* A term frequently used at Billingsgate; but I never saw it in print before, excepting in your *Spiritual Characteristics*, page 61.

luminous

luminous set. One of these blades boasts of your learned condescension, in reading it to him.

I shall now make a small digression, and close this Chapter.

It is a pity, ROWLAND, your old Crony, "that great Astrologer Francis Moore, Physician," whom you mention with such respect, in your "*Spiritual Characteristics*," had not been alive, at the breaking out of the Cow Pox insanity; that you might have consulted him concerning your entering on a new trade, and turning Physic-Monger.

Why have you not told the Publick, what he said to you, when you went to him, to have that "*Extraordinary Dream*" of yours expounded; which you relate in that Pamphlet, and say you "dropt asleep" with your "head brim-full of conversation*;" and saw "a pair of Ghosts, and started with fear" †?

Your "Old Wife," by your account, appears to have had a bad night of it, during your dream.

I think your words are,—"My Old Wife thought I was much disturbed in my rest; till on the morning I gave her, to the best of my abilities, the substance of this my *Extraordinary Dream* ‡."

You ought, and I hope did, satisfy your poor "Old Wife" properly in the morning, for keeping her awake, and terrifying her, while you were tumbling and tossing all night, in a state of such perturbation.

But you express yourself, ROWLAND, so much in parables, that we cannot always comprehend what you mean.

* *Spiritual Characteristics*, page 5.
† Ibid. page 31.
‡ Ibid. page 87.

Was

Was your "Old Wife" satisfied, or not, with "the substance of your Extraordinary Dream?"

How did that Astrologer,—great, and *redoubted* (a word you often use without knowing its meaning)—your friend Moore, explain your Dream?

ROWLAND,—for shame! You know I can read the Stars, as well as he could; and I will expose you.

He told you that your "dropping asleep with your head brim-full of conversation," denoted, that when your head should be more than brim-full, your brains would run over.—Alluding to what should befal you when you turned Cow Poxer.

He also told you that the "pair of Ghosts," which so terrified you, represented two unfortunate children; suffering under the miseries you would occasion.—One of them should be a COW POXED OX FACED BOY; the other, a COW POXED MANGEY GIRL.

He likewise pronounced, by your great restlessness during your "Extraordinary Dream," and your "Old Wife" lying quite still by your side, that it was not the Night Mare then riding you:—otherwise, he observed, your "Old Wife" would have pulled her off; but he said, it was ordained, in the Book of Fate, that, in the latter part of your days, you ought to sleep on a very hard bed, with only a little straw under you; not for pleasure, ROWLAND, but merely for the sake of your health. Because, on the very night of your "Extraordinary Dream," the Moon was in conjunction with Saturn: having,—wonderful to relate—an halo, in the form of a Straight Waistcoat; with the Man in her, looking stedfastly at Surrey Chapel. Mars, at the same time, was unusually red, in

evil

evil aspect, over Moor Fields; and a Raven perched on your Tabernacle; which, after giving nine hoarse dreadful croaks, and muting on your Cow Pox Shop, flew away towards Salisbury Square.

CHAPTER II.

ROWLAND,—You, and all other dull Cow Poxers, complain of my want of gravity. You all agree in condemning my mode of treating you, "as if the good, *or* evil of Society were fit *objects* for sarcasm and ridicule *;" and that Cow Poxers themselves, so deeply engaged in the "good, or evil of Society," ought not to furnish amusement for the Publick.

ROWLAND,—I have found you all very heavy materials to make mirth of; but Cow Poxers had better let me go on, in my own way.—If I were serious, they would like me less; as the following pages will convince you.

ROWLAND,—you have accused all Anti-Cow Poxers, indiscriminately, of—*lying*.

ROWLAND,—you are a Clergyman; therefore, on my own account, I cannot use towards you the language you deserve; but I will endeavour to make up for that, in trope and figure; and place you in a proper light, before your CUSTOMERS †.

* ARTICLE V. of the REPORT of the *Medical Council* of the Jennerian Society. ROWLAND,—you must have written this passage;—the concordance is so correct.

† This is the indecent and contemptuous name which you give to your Congregation; page 2, in the Advertisement to your Pamphlet.

You

You say, page 26,—"where *one* abscess is formed after the Vaccine, *scores* are produced after the Variolous Inoculation."—That is not true, ROWLAND.

In the same page you say we Anti-Cow Poxers know, we "*dare* not tell, of half the consequences that attend the Inoculation of this odious disease," the Small Pox.—That is not true, ROWLAND.

In the next page you say, "the Small Pox has actually been attended with more fatal consequences since the introduction of Inoculation than ever existed before."—That is not true, ROWLAND.

In page 30, you assert that "Dr. JENNER grounded his plan of Vaccine Inoculation, by observing, that those who were subjected when young to the Vaccine disease, continued to resist the Small Pox all the days of their lives." This is not true, ROWLAND.—Look at ARTICLE IX. in the REPORT.

In page 34, you say that "having vaccinated so many thousands, it is utterly impossible but that I (R. H.) must have met with some of these terrible cases, *if any such ever* occurred."—Do you believe what you say to be true?

ROWLAND,—renounce the foe of mankind in time.

A CASE.

Charlotte Hussey, No. 20, Castle Street, Southwark, aged five years, had the Cow Pox two years ago, inoculated by the Reverend ROWLAND HILL, at his Cow Pox Shop, "under the wing of Surrey Chapel."

A few

A few days after the pustule on the arm dried up, a tumour rose just above the part, that increased and formed an abscess of an enormous size; which broke, and discharged more than three pints of matter, of a dirty grey colour.

The pain which tortured the child, during the maturation, was so excessively severe, that she was, the day before the tumour burst, in a state of distraction; and it was thought she was dying.

ANOTHER CASE.

John Hussey, brother of the preceding sufferer, was vaccinated at the same time, by the same ROWLAND HILL; and had the *Tinea Bovilla,* or horrid Cow Pox Scaldhead afterwards.

Add to the afflictions of these infants, those of Sarah Burley, whose face was distorted and began to resemble that of an Ox; and Edward Gee, who was covered with sores, and afterwards with patches of Cow's Hair, both Cow Poxed by you; and let the Publick judge of your veracity, ROWLAND; and whether "terrible Cases" have not occurred in your own practice *.

You, ROWLAND, are not the only Cow Poxer, who can cover people over with Cow's Hair, in patches, where foul Cow Pox ulcers have been; and on the part inoculated. I have seen several instances of this sort.

* See pages 53 and 54. Comentarios.

A CASE.

William Ince, son of Mr. Ince, upholsterer, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, was vaccinated when four months old, in the spring of 1800, by ———. Soon after the Cow Pox, he broke out in sores, and eruptions, nearly all over him; and in that state, when he was nine months old, he was sent to Mrs. Leach, No. 4, South Row, Somers Town, to nurse. The sores, with acrid discharges, were then on almost every part of his body; but particularly about the joints of his wrists, knees, ankles, and toes. When the sores dried up, there appeared on his back and loins, patches of hair; not resembling his own hair, for that was of a light colour, but brown; and of the same length, and quality, as that of a Cow. The scabs, and blotches were worse in the Spring and Autumn; and he remained in a miserable state, under various changes, until he was three years and a half old, when he languished and died.

It is shocking, ROWLAND, to observe with what unfeeling levity, you mention, page 34, your having been charged with *killing* a poor woman's child, which died after your Cow Pox Inoculation.—To believe that it died from any other cause, depends on the credit which may be given to your assertions.—You know my opinion on that point.

Do not imagine, ROWLAND, I have been hunting after objects, who have suffered from your Inoculation. That is unnecessary. I know they are numerous; and was informed on the morning I went to inquire into the facts of Mr. Hussey's children,

children, in the neighbourhood where they live, that you ROWLAND HILL have, for some years past, done ten times more mischief by your Cow Pox Inoculation, than would have been occasioned in all England, in the same space of time, by Small Pox Inoculation; conducted properly.

When I wrote to you, on the 3d of March last, to go to Little Chelsea, and see Mr. Seyffert's daughter, a Case of Small Pox, after Cow Pox, on the 6th day of the eruption,—what sullen fit assailed you, that you did not answer my letter?

The Cow Pox brutalises the manners of men.

A CASE.

Susannah Maria Seyffert, aged five years, had the Cow Pox when six weeks old, in the month of July 1801; vaccinated by Mr. GRIFFITH, Surgeon of St. George's Hospital. The Cow Pox mark is indented and perfect, on her left arm; she has also another mark on her right arm; having been inoculated in both arms.

She was seized with the Small Pox fever, sickness, pains, &c. on Friday the 25th of April 1806. These symptoms, with delirium, continued on Saturday and Sunday. On Monday the 28th the eruptions appeared; and she had a considerable number. Many of the Faculty saw this Case; and it is sufficiently known.—But, a singular circumstance occurred which deserves to be recorded.

Though you did not answer my letter, ROWLAND, I conceived, knowing your genius, that curiosity would carry you to see this child.

I described your dress and person to Mrs. Seyf-

fert, mother of the child; and shewed her the print of Dr. ROWLEY's *Cow Poxed Ox Faced Boy.* —I solemnly declare that I did not mention your name. She said the Face of the Gentleman I described, was very much like that print; and from his agitation, and seeming distress, she supposed he might be the father of that unhappy Boy; or the author of his misery.

Surely, ROWLAND, you will not now pretend that you "never saw a Case of Small Pox after Cow Pox."

ANOTHER CASE.

Henry Richard Seyffert, brother of the preceding Girl, aged seven years and a half, had the Cow Pox in July 1801; with his sister. Vaccinated at the same time, by Mr. GRIFFITH. He has the Cow Pox mark, strongly indented, on his left arm; and another slight mark on the right.

He was attacked with the Small Pox Fever in the night of the 5th of May 1806; and was delirious on the 6th and 7th, with retchings, pains in the head, back, &c. In the evening of the 7th the eruptions appeared.

At this time there was another child in the house, Charles Seyffert, aged fourteen months, in the Small Pox, with the eruptions just appearing, who never had the Cow Pox.

The infection originated with their sister Anne, aged three years; who had the Small Pox, in the natural way.

The child who had not been vaccinated, and the others who were, had nearly the same number of eruptions; and the same symptoms of

of attack, progress, and termination of the disease.

I had two subjects inoculated from Susannah, and three from Henry;—all of whom had the Small Pox properly. Mr. LIPSCOMB also, and several others, inoculated from these children.

From Charles Seyffert, Mr. Dodds, Apothecary, London Street, Fitz-Roy Square, inoculated a child of Mr. Taylor's, Willis's Row, Little Chelsea; and from this child he inoculated Mr. Taylor's son Richard, aged nearly three years, on the 28th of May; who went through the Small Pox in a regular and proper manner. This child Richard had the Cow Pox, when about a year old, vaccinated by Mr. Burgess, Apothecary, Little Chelsea. He has the Cow Pox mark, indented, on his right arm.

ROWLAND,—Mr. Seyffert is a poor man; with a Wife and six children. He cannot afford to keep a servant, or hire a nurse. I saw Mrs. Seyffert's distress, with four children in the Small Pox, and her eldest daughter ill on her hands, at the same time.

The addition of the two children, that Cow Pox had added to the sick list, excited her indignation against this vile imposition, which is practised on the poor.

Who do you think repaired the mischief of your pretended Cow Pox security?—He, ROWLAND,—who for several years past, has scarcely been a day, without prescribing for some wretched object or other, labouring under the miseries of Cow Pox, which you and your blessed fraternity have occasioned.

Where was this poor Family to find money to pay for attendance, and medicines, when the Mother's hands were tied in nursing five chil-

dren; and the Father standing at a Turnpike Gate, without going home, or even without lying down in a bed for many days together, to obtain subsistence scarcely sufficient for himself?

Did you put your hand into your pocket when you were there; or did you send any assistance?—No. You did not. Did any other Cow Poxer, who went to see these children? —No. Not one of them.

But, to return to your scurrilous Pamphlet.

At page 36 you say—"attend to Dr. MOSELEY and some others, and they will tell you, that the Small Pox communicated by Inoculation is *never* fatal, *never* dangerous, and the patient *never* liable to a second attack."

Two of these assertions are your own, ROWLAND; therefore not true. The last is mine; therefore true.

I aver, ROWLAND, that no person ever had the Small Pox twice, complete in its stages, through the system. I know all that has been said, and written, by ignorant people like you, on this point; and I know what you Cow Poxers are driving at, to shield your expiring folly.—When it is dead, console the people of England, that it flourishes on the banks of the Ganges, and Mississippi; in the *unknown* parts of Africa; and beyond the Wall of China!

ROWLAND,—I know you are a man of superstition, and credulity; but surely you cannot imagine that men of science regard what you, or any bigotted Cow Poxer, or any uninformed private gentleman, or noble Lord, or noble Lady, can say on this subject,—who cannot understand diseases, and do not know the Small Pox from the Chicken Pox?

The great, and noble personages, whose virtuous

tuous motives endear them to the human race, —who patronise Vaccination,—patronise what they are told, is to produce a benefit to their fellow creatures.

Did the Cow Pox perform what is alleged in its favour, no man would be so base, so wicked, so diabolical, as to oppose its benign influence.

But this is no longer a question. Experience has decided, that it is not a security against the Small Pox; which is the paramount consideration, on which its adoption was admitted, and on which its support depends. It is not a solitary Case of Failure, or instance of mischievous consequences, or any squabble about mis-statements, that can, or ought to affect the credit of Vaccination. The evils extend far and wide; and the uncertainty of its protection, is alone so formidable an objection, that reason and common sense must, and will abandon it.

The SUTTONS, DIMSDALES, Dr. ARCHER, Dr. WOODVILLE, and all other experienced Inoculators, who have passed their lives in the midst of Small Pox, do not mention diseases from Small Pox Inoculation. They never saw an instance of any person having the Small Pox twice.—I never saw an instance of it, nor ever heard of one, from any person of character in the profession; and from the pathology of the disease, I do not conceive it to be possible.

At page 43, you say, "the Variolous Inoculation, even when attended with its most lenient consequences, *always* attacks the constitution with much greater severity than the Vaccine Inoculation."—ROWLAND—you do not know any thing of the matter.—If you did, you would know that,—this is not true.

At page 45, you say from what you have heard and *known,* you "have little or no doubt but that half of Dr. ROWLEY's Cases are *false,* or *grossly misrepresented.*"

ROWLAND,—your having "little or no doubt," is of little or no consequence. But Dr. ROWLEY is dead; and if you will dare to convert your *doubt* into an assertion,—I am living, and will give you the Grave-digger's answer to Hamlet —"*'Tis a quick lie, Sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.*" Neither will I suffer you, to erect your bestial Cow Pox standard on Dr. ROWLEY's grave. You have assaulted a dead man, in the most cowardly, the most unjust, and the most unchristianlike manner. I will instance the Case of Frederick Joules;—the *Cow Poxed Ox Faced Boy,* No. 26, in Dr. ROWLEY's work.

Can Cow Poxing so debase the mind of a person in your professional habits, as to make you carry your persecution, up to the very doors of Heaven!

You have said, page 12, that "Dr. ROWLEY published, not what was *true,* but what he wished to be true; and endeavoured to *vilify the friends of Vaccination,* that he might reduce them to a level with the *enemies of the practice.* He blames the Cow Pock for abscesses on the face of a Boy (Joules), which did not appear *till years after Inoculation*; and affirms that a man (the *father*) was *healthy,* when he had evident marks of the ravages, which the *scrophula* had committed on him for three years together; and when there is reason to believe he must have known, that *one of his children* who had the Small Pox in the Natural way, *was also contaminated with the disease,* and, at the very time, a patient of the public Institution to which the Doctor belonged."

I will

I will oppose this matchless falsehood, with such a plain, unvarnished tale, as shall appal you, ROWLAND; if there be a particle of Christian blood, mixed with the Acherontine puddle, which runs through your heart.

Testimony of Mr. Joules, Father of Frederick Joules.

No. 2, North Street,
SIR, 11th May, 1806.

I certify that my Son Frederick Joules was in perfect health at the time of his being inoculated for the Cow Pox; that he never had any abscesses, ulcerations, or eruptions until after he had the Cow Pox.

That his mother and myself are, and have been always free from diseases; excepting, that at the age of ten years, I had an abscess formed externally on my lower jaw, in consequence of a decayed tooth; which abscess immediately healed on the tooth being extracted, under the care of Mr. Cooper, of Collingbourn, in Wiltshire; who declared that the decayed tooth was the cause of that abscess. That this circumstance, which has been grossly misrepresented, took place twenty-nine years before the birth of Frederick; during which period no similar, nor severe disease ever happened to me; and my Wife has uniformly had good health, being the mother of twelve children, who are all free from disease except the child above mentioned. And that he at this time, so far from being in a state of recovery, has a large abscess now on his left arm; and two sores still remaining in his face, which is also considerably distorted; and though better, bears sufficient evidence, that his Portrait in Dr. ROWLEY's book, is not a caricature.

I also

I also certify that my son William Joules, who is said by the Reverend ROWLAND HILL, in a pamphlet lately published, to be "contaminated with Scrophula," is free from any such malady, and never experienced it in his life; and that when he was an *out*-patient at the St. Mary le Bone Infirmary, it was in consequence of a small abscess in his groin, which broke of its own accord, and healed in four or five days; and that he never was an *in*-patient of that, or any other Hospital.

My Son Frederick, is now seven years old; was vaccinated about four years ago.

His face began to be affected about *two months after the time he was vaccinated*, and before the arm, where he was inoculated, was well.

RICHARD JOULES.

To
Dr. MOSELEY.

CHAPTER III.

ROWLAND,—you, a Minister of the Gospel, pretending to understand Physic,—then pretending, page 52, not to understand it—but still practising, and giving your advice, and opinions on the subject,—is in itself no ordinary specimen of indecency, and immorality.

But, your attacking me, and some other Medical men, in our Profession, in which—if we were to judge of your age, by your conduct,—we must have been engaged before you were born,—is a consummate stroke of profligateness in you, and abandonment of sense and dignity, in our medical brethren of the Jennerian SOCIETY, who stand in need of your help; and value emselves on its acquisition.

We,

We, who live in the school of experience, do not dispute your curing Scrophula, by Cow Pox. We admit your medical knowledge, to be derived from supernatural agency; and that you are a miraculous creature. A very Chiron;—half Saint—half Devil. Neither should I, on this occasion, have disputed your claim to morals; had you not challenged the contest, by insulting ours.

Your opinions concerning my Treatise on the Cow Pox, and general remarks on it, I consider as the overflowings of your "brim-full head;" issuing from a bewildered, and distempered source. There is one place however, ROWLAND, where you have left an impression of your *Taurine* cloven foot; which I shall condescend to efface.

ROWLAND,—at pages 69 and 70, you quote, and misquote; compose, and transpose;—as your better half, they say, changes his garments, according to the tricks he intends to play. You introduce a remark, made by me, as early as the year 1798.—"Can any person say what may be the consequences of introducing a *bestial* humour into the human frame, after a long lapse of years?"—These were my memorable words.

Then, ROWLAND,—to make me contradict myself, you say that I had hopes the Cow Pox mischief, would not "lie long dormant in the constitution;" but you omitted the next sentence,—"May time confirm it."—Neither did you mention that these remarks were made, originally, at different periods; and before any person had experience in Vaccination.

In the same Satanic spirit, you omitted the Note I added to the last remark, in a subsequent Edition of my work—that very Edition from which you

you quoted,—when experience had defeated my hopes, and established my prophetic fears.

Here is the Note, ROWLAND. Look at it, thou "dreamer of dreams*;" and change the colour of your Corinthian cheeks if you can.

"*I am sorry to say time has not confirmed it. Since the former Edition, several children have died from diseases brought on by the Cow Pox, where no ulcerations had appeared; and others have lost their nails, and ends of their fingers, several months after Inoculation*†."

I admire your complaining, that my Treatise is dear at five shillings. The same complaint was made before, by one or two little miserable Mantuan Cow Poxers; and, considering their poverty, perhaps with justice.—Besides, a book is a book,—to a Cow Poxer. So many pages,—so much money.—The paper, not the contents, regulates the Cow Pox market.

But from you, ROWLAND, who make not less, as I am informed, than three thousand pounds a year, by nothing,—by worse than nothing,—by noise,—by horrid Stentorian noise,—the complaint is ludicrous.

Even according to your own laborious calculation,—and prettily employed you were in making it,—my Treatise cost me *something*. Now, ROWLAND, what you sell so enormously dear, costs you *nothing;* and, if your CUSTOMERS hated noise as much as I do, your trade would soon come to *nothing*.

You assert, page ii. that we, Anti-Cow Poxers, are "interested and artful men." At p. 11, "reporters of falsehoods;" and charge us with "notorious, gross, and palpable impositions."

* חלם החלומים תחוא יומת

† TREATISE on Cow Pox, 2d Edition, page 119.

At

At p. 17, you say, "the *truth* of the *lie* hatched, —the *false* side of this story will serve admirably for Dr. MOSELEY and his adherents." At p. 26, you charge us with "art and downright falsehood." At p. 27, with "artful stratagems and self-interested motives." At p. 28, you say our "characters are gone, for ever gone, in having been detected, that either through ignorance or art, of having been guilty of printing and re-printing a set of tales which never existed." At p. 29, our "principles are murderous and base." At p. 30, that we are "forgers of falsehood." At p. 43, that we "seek for hire." At p. 47, that I "insult the common sense of mankind." At p. 48, that "they (Anti-Cow Poxers) know not what they say, nor whereof they affirm."

All this, ROWLAND,—is licentious, gross, and ungentlemanlike language; and highly reprehensible in a Minister of the Gospel. Part of it is libellous. There are other passages in your Pamphlet more so; which subject you to an action at Law, for defamation. What the representatives of Dr. ROWLEY may ultimately think proper to do, or what steps others may resolve on taking, it is not for me to decide. But, at present, you are indebted to my interference.

However, of this I am certain; that reason, argument, and civil language, will not reach such a man as you.

My opinions, differing from the notions of a great many fools, and from those of some men wiser possibly than myself, ought not to concern you.—Can you settle the dispute?

My differing in opinion from Dr. JENNER and others, at the commencement of Cow Pox Inoculation,

culation, was surely justifiable on the ground, that there was no experience to authorise the practice. I begged for time, patience, and moderation; to arrest the hurry that I saw was likely to plunge the people of this country into an headlong project; of which, when they had experience, they might repent. Now, after experience has shewn that I was right, do you dare to say I have been wrong;—because a few ignorant men, like yourself, whom you call "*wise*" and "*learned*," and "gentlemen of *eminence* belonging to the faculty"—think otherwise?

You, it seems, ROWLAND, differ very much from all men of wisdom, learning, and eminence in our Religious establishment, and correct orthodox principles; and experience, and the happiness of the realm, prove you are wrong.—Yet you go on, ranting to the poor ignorant multitude; and nobody meddles with you. Are you then, so circumstanced, in a profession you ought to understand, a proper person to arraign people in a profession you do not understand, for differing in opinion from others?

Your audacity in meddling with a Medical contest, merely to aggravate animosity, to increase confusion, and to perplex and stifle calm investigation,—exclusive of the violent, malicious, and indecent spirit you have exhibited on the occasion, is disgraceful to you as a minister of the mild, charitable, and peaceful doctrines of Christ; and ought, I think, to disqualify you for officiating in the sacred office.

After shewing such a defiance of the laws, such a disregard of morality, and such a contempt for good manners—could it be expected that *you* would complain, page 25, of Anti-Cow Poxers calling names?

I wish

I wish to know what authorises your asserting, in the same page, that we cover our *arts*, "with the cant of pretended philanthropy, and above all with *an hypocritical reverence for Deity?*"

Read, in some calm moment,—if you ever have one—your burst of outrage against us, at page 57.

"Oh these enemies against this most beneficial discovery! What incalculable mischiefs have been produced by their *false* and *daring* Publications! And what have they not to answer for, before their King, their Country, and their God!!!"

Does not this justify Anti-Cow Poxers in their epithets? Is this not a *foolish, maniacal, blockheadly, insane, wizardly, furiously fanatical, bedlamitish, violently enthusiastical, tinkerly,* — discharge of sound, and fury, characteristic of the preceptor of MARGARET NICHOLSON?

ROWLAND,—you have the impudence to say, page 25, "Dr. MOSELEY could not even write his motto for his Publication, but he must transcribe, with a considerable degree of *profanity*, the well-known passage from the Greek Testament, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do'."

ROWLAND,—where is the profaneness, not *profanity*, ROWLAND,—you should learn to write English—in transcribing the above passage?—Have you forgotten the Lord's Prayer?

Look at home, ROWLAND. Recollect in what manner you use the name of God, in almost all your Surrey Chapel spoutings. Nothing, in my opinion, can exceed the profaneness, page 65, of your "one sacred *touch* further." Look at the following foaming, broken English exclamation, page 53.

"Oh the blessing of the Jennerian *Inoculation!* did ever *Man* stand so much like an Angel of God!"

Turn to your Letter *, and see in what a strain of profaneness, you consider *Salvation;* when you say, that the Discovery of Cow Pox Inoculation, is the next blessing to " the great salvation !"

What ! has the All Wise, and Merciful Creator, done but one act for the benefit of Man, that places Omnipotence superior to Dr. JENNER ! !

These are the impious, incoherent ravings which the Jennerian Society not only suffers, but boasts of.—These are the degrading terms, by which the Cow Pox Project protracts its existence.—These are the low Instruments, that an honourable Cause would spurn ;—Literature, scorn to use ; and Science, blush to own.

Let us turn from this rugged, horrid desert ; —where candour, modesty, the love of truth, the fear of God, and fair exertion for the welfare of mankind never appeared, and compensate the mind with a prospect of virtue and humanity.

Extract of a Letter from the venerable Prelate, the Right Reverend the Lord BISHOP *of* DROMORE, *to his learned and worthy Kinsman* GEORGE AUST, Esq. *of Chelsea Hospital. Dated the 4th of May,* 1806.

" . . . Another interesting event has happened in Mr. Meade's family †. They have all happily gone through the Small Pox, in the most decided and unequivocal manner, after having been inoculated with the Cow Pox, for which Mr. Meade had a great partiality. His

* See page 53. Commentaries.

† The Hon. Mr. Meade. He is Son in Law to this venerable Prelate ; and Brother to Earl Clanwilliam.

two

two first sons, who were born at or near Gloucester, had been vaccinated soon after their birth, and that in the most perfect manner. About two years ago, soon after the birth of their daughter, the same precaution was applied to her, but she did not seem to receive it. About two months after, they were all three inoculated with the common Small Pox, and it took effect upon the eldest boy, and the little girl; but on both so mildly, that Mr. Meade could not believe they had it, though the Physicians had no doubt of it. On the second boy (who is named, after me, PERCY) it had no effect at all; and he might have been considered as secure ever afterwards: but last January Mr. Meade had his little son Edward (born in November last) inoculated with Vaccine Matter, which he himself brought from the Institute in Dublin; and it took effect in the most perfect and decided manner. In March, Mr. Meade was persuaded to try if the Child could receive the Variolous Infection; when, on his being inoculated, many fair large pustules appeared over different parts of his body, and he went through the disease completely. This induced his father to try the effect once more on Percy, who had resisted it two years before. He was accordingly inoculated with the common Small Pox last month, and then had a strong Fever at the usual period, followed by an eruption of between twenty and thirty pustules all over his body; but the child is now happily recovered, and, thanks to the Author of All Good, secure for life from this dreadful contagion. You may mention this, if you please, to Dr. MOSELEY, to whom the Publick and ourselves are under infinite obligations, for his generous attempts to dispel the prevailing delusion."

At the last annual meeting of the Jennerian Society, on the 17th of May 1806, as the *General Evening Post* of the 22d of May informs us—you, ROWLAND, "*op'd your ponderous and marble jaws;*" which were "loudly and universally applauded" by the Society. You gave the Society a *genuine* Cow Pox oration; in which you said, that "it will become the Legislature to inquire *how far* men ought to be suffered to be the means of killing *themselves*;" and that "it is a pity that in this land of liberty, we should have liberty to kill *one another*."

You likewise inveighed against Anti-Cow Pox pamphlets; misrepresentations, and falsehoods; disclaimed all philosophy; and owned that you have "an honest pride in being reckoned among the fools."

You asserted that you had Cow Poxed "upwards of 5000 subjects;"—then lifting up your hands and eyes to Heaven, you exclaimed—"*I solemnly declare before God, that I have not failed in a single instance!*"

Mind, ROWLAND. This was in the month of of May 1806.

A CASE.

Frederick Batsford, aged fourteen months, son of Mr. John Batsford, Ivory Comb Maker, Brunswick Street, Black Friers Road, was vaccinated, when between three and four months old, by Mr. Coleman, a Schoolmaster, and one of ROWLAND HILL's Inoculators, at Surrey Chapel. He had the Cow Pox, and has the indented eschar

eschar on his left arm. He was attacked with the Small Pox about the 16th of April, 1806; was very ill during the eruptive fever, and had a numerous crop of pustules. Mrs. Batsford shewed the child to ROWLAND HILL, in the presence of Mr. Gillham, Man Midwife. ROWLAND HILL and his Housekeeper, examined the eruptions, and both pronounced the disease to be the Small Pox. The Child was seen by Mr. Coleman also, and several Medical gentlemen, and frequently by ROWLAND HILL, who in one of his visits said to Mr. Batsford, "*there is no use in telling a lie about it, because it is the Small Pox plain enough.*"

Mind, ROWLAND. This was in the month of April 1806.

You formerly told Mrs. Batsford and several other women in the School Room, in St. Thomas's Street, that you would give any person five pounds who had the Small Pox after the Cow Pox; and declared from your pulpit, that you would pay all expences for burying any person who died of the Small Pox, after the Cow Pox; and that you also would pay for the burying any person who died of the Cow Pox.

A CASE.

Elizabeth Goode, a young woman from Oxfordshire, was vaccinated at Aynho, near Banbury, by Mr. ——, Surgeon. She had the Cow Pox, and the mark was indented on her arm. She was hired in the summer of 1805 by Mrs. Prowett, Grocer, Surrey Street Black Friers Road; but, being attacked with the Small Pox, at Mr. Mesey's, Grocer, Orchard Street Westminster, she could not go to her place, and was sent to the Small Pox Hospital, where she died.

This fact you likewise know.

Now, ROWLAND,—it is time to take my leave of you. I have exposed the dark abode of your evil spirit; dragged your offences before the Publick; and have exorcised you, with precept and example, for a better life.

ROWLAND,—although I do not care how much you preach, and pray against me,—presume not that I am insensible to the scurrility of your Pamphlet; or that I cannot discern the turn of mind, which dictated it.

ROWLAND,—you are deceived in me. It is true that my heart is by nature firm,—not hard, like yours; and my Religion, which is mild,—not uncharitable like yours—has so tempered it, that I can now pity a man like you,—whom I once should have despised. And, though the laws of society have compelled me to chastise you, the world will acknowledge, that I have held the Rod of Justice with temperance, and applied it with mercy.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

ROWLAND,—Since you and Dr. THORNTON introduced yourselves to my Cow Pox acquaintance, I have often been asked, whether I thought he has as much wisdom, and good manners, as you have?

My answer has been—Yes; full as much, and rather the advantage of you in point of ears. But, that neither of you can be compared with Dr. WILLAN. He is the man for wisdom, good manners, and other Cow Pox attributes.

This wise, good-mannered man, there is reason to suspect, descended from a race of people mentioned by Strabo, Pliny, and Solinus *; and writes Latin letters, Dr. THORNTON says, in an official capacity,—as one of the loaders to his *Night* machine. It is thought he can write Greek also, almost as well as Dr. THORNTON †.

The Cow Pox fraternity may well look on

* The Ευωτοκοιτοι and *Fanesii*. The latter were Scythians; and perhaps the first race of Cow Poxers. Both these people had such enormous ears, that they used one as a bed to sleep on, and covered themselves with the other.

† Dr. THORNTON quotes HOMER, in the Dedication of his pamphlet to the College of Physicians. The scrap is ολεκουλο δε λαοι; which he renders "on their account the people die." This may do very well for Doctors THORNTON and WILLAN. Dead HOMER, and dead ROWLEY, are alike misrepresented by Cow-Poxers.

Dr.

Dr. WILLAN, as a chief pillar of their community. Not on account of his writings, for they are—

"*stale, flat, and unprofitable,*"—

but as being head *Cow-Man* to the Jennerian Society; and containing in his prolific body, and teeming limbs, the *genuine* sources of their expiring practice. The reader, I suppose, knows what a *Cow-Boy* is; but he would be puzzled to find out what a *Cow-Man* is, without my help.

He must know, that the cleanly Dairies in the vicinity of London are not often visited by that loathsome distemper, the Cow Pox; consequently matter cannot always be procured for Vaccination.

To obviate this distressing circumstance, a few of the most outrageous Cow Poxers, hatched a bright thought among them; which had for its object, to supersede altogether the necessity for real Cows, by becoming their artificial substitutes. This was effected by inoculating themselves, from time to time, with Cow Pox matter; to form a fund, or walking fountain of what Dr. JENNER prettily terms the "guardian fluid."

Dr. WILLAN, according to the Plates in his Cow Pox book, if they are intended to represent his quota, can scarcely have an inch of surface on his body, that has not had a pustule on it. But this gives him the pre-eminence he enjoys. For among Cow Poxers, as among the Roman warriors—the more scars, the more honour.

While the Fates shall spare his precious life, the Society will be at no loss for matter. He has

has always, they say, three or more *genuine* pustules, in a state for Vaccination, in some part or other of his devoted frame.

He can, they say,—give any shape he pleases to the pustules. At this time, people say, he has actually on him, in a part I cannot name, a pustule of the *Conoidal* shape; and in other parts, several of the *Lenticular*, and *Globate* forms *.

It is much to be regretted, that he had not communicated the secret of repeating, and continuing the influence of Vaccination, in the same carcase, to the Spaniards, in their Cow Pox Expedition to South America in 1803. This would have saved them the trouble of taking with them twenty-two children, for "the preservation of the precious fluid, by transmitting it successively from one to another, during the course of the voyage;" as stated in the Supplement to the Madrid Gazette of the 14th of October 1806. —In this Expedition it appears Dr. BALMIS, the Spanish JENNER, found Cow Pox matter "in the cows of the valley of Atlixco, near the city of Puebla de los Angeles; in the neighbourhood of that of Valladolid de Mechoacan, and in the district of Calabozo in the Province of Caracas." —Where now are Dr. JENNER's *greasy-heeled* horses?

* See the gibberish in his Cow-Pox Lamentation, "*On Vaccine Inoculation*," page 86. In this performance, the reader,—if any person can be found with sufficient patience to be so ycleped—will find that this writer is equal to any of his brother Cow Poxers, not only in philosophy, but in syntax and orthography.—"*Do* the Variolous and Vaccine *virus*, under the circumstances mentioned, act independently, or do *they* controul each other's operation?" Page 4.—Is this a question to ask, by a man, who says he has given the subject "laborious investigation," with "a series of observations and experiments?"—If he will read with attention what follows, he will find whether the *tetri viri* do or not.

What

What a fine thing is Cow Pox modesty!

Dr. WILLAN says, page 1,—"not being a *partisan*, I hope, my conclusions will *appear* to be unbiassed by interest, or prejudice."

This is tolerably decent in the man, who can call an opposer of his Cow Pox insanity "Raven," "Jackanapes," &c.; who pretends to know much of diseases he has never seen; who had the principal concern in the Fullwoods Rents "SUPPOSING" the Small Pox, not the Small Pox*; who talks of "*every species* of Small Pox, from the mild and distinct, to the confluent and most dangerous;" who asserts that "Vaccine Inoculation does not excite Scrophula;" who says that "the inoculated Small Pox still proves fatal in one case out of 250; who believes that "the Cow Pox cannot be produced twice in the same subject;"—but that the Small Pox may; who has the presumption to think he can say something which has not been said before; and who, after attacking me, like a plebeian, as you did, ROWLAND, without any provocation, has the consummate command of countenance, to disown prejudice and partiality!

The Cow Pox, does indeed, make great havoc, with small capacities.—That I have often said.

This enthusiast,—this Cow Pox martyr,—prefers, "*before all temples*," his sufferings in the cause of the Ferine Philosophy. He really thinks "that 40,000 lives might be saved annually in Britain," if every Cow Poxer were as great a conjurer as himself.

He is indeed a Roman, in Vaccine virtue. A very Cow Pox Decius. He bears his pustular

* See my TREATISE on the Cow Pox, 2d Ed. page 84.

pain

pain like a Stoic. It is true that he winces, and makes faces in the streets, when John Bull pushes against him; but in his mind he regards it not.—They say, he has been often heard to exclaim,—Ruffian, stand off! I suppose that infidel MOSELEY has bribed you to run against me, to spoil my pustules. I'll MOSELEY him!

This is the man who disclaims being a *partisan*.

Why, ROWLAND,—any Cow Poxer might as well lay claim to cool reason, and unsophisticated sense.

What says Dr. THORNTON of this brother of his, in his last piece of *Vaccinæ Stultitia* * ?

"I feel proud (says THORNTON) that my brothers in *education* all *espouse* Vaccination."

ROWLAND,—did I not prophecy in 1798 that this would be the case?—How have I been abused for this prediction!

This is "the brutal fever (mentioned in my TREATISE) exciting its incongruous impressions on the brain." This is "the human character undergoing strange mutations from *Quadrupedan* sympathy." This is the "*Cow Mania*"—which, if my warning voice had been attended to, might all have been prevented.

Now, as there is no provision in our laws, at present, against these Vaccine Nuptials, it

* I should have treated the author of this crazy wind-up, of all that is miserable and defective in sense and argument, very roughly, but that I am certain he is sorry for what he has done. Therefore, contrition shall be his shield. I am not ignorant of the instigators of the work. One of them makes us grieve at the condition of human nature. To see an hoary head accompanied with such principles, shocks us. I have already said in the Preface to my COMMENTARIES, that—"they shall not escape."

may

may not be improper in me, to give those, whom it concerns, an hint from the Gentoo Code; that a correction of this *Erotomania Bovilla* may be placed as a Rider, on some future Jennerian Bill of indemnity.

Mind, ROWLAND.—It is ordained in the Nineteenth Chapter of the POOTEE of JUMBOODEEP, which I have properly translated from the Shanscrit—and which, I assert was never so done before, that,—

If a Bramin *,—like JENNER, espouse a Cow, the Magistrate shall fine him *Eighty Gold Coins.* If a Chebteree†,—like the venerable LETTSOM, or a Bice‡,--like the Reverend ROWLAND HILL, he shall fine him 500 *Puns* of *Cow-ries.*

If a Sooder §, — like THORNTON, or WILLAN, or any other little Cow-Poxer, he shall punish him in severity, according to his insignificance ‖.

ROWLAND,—they say that *Ulfo*, the ancestor of King Sueno and the early Royal Race of Denmark, was the great grandson of a Bear ¶.

ROWLAND,—these are wonderful times!

* The first original Gentoo Tribe.
† The second.
‡ The third.
§ The fourth, or lowest.
‖ The Learned will perceive, that in rendering into English, one word in this Code, I have materially differed from that excellent Oriental scholar, who translated these Ordinances of the Pundits, from the Persian copy.

It is certain that the horrid word فاحش, is in the Persian copy; but بياه is in the Hindoostannee; and we find زنا in the Arabic copy.

¶ OLAUS MAGNUS, Lib. xviii. c. 25.

Row-

ROWLAND.—I have a few words to say to you concerning the *Edinburgh Review*, No. xvii. for October 1806.

It was lately rumoured, in the regions of Salisbury Square and St. Luke's, that you, ROWLAND, undertook to furnish Messrs. Constable and Co. of Edinburgh, and Messrs. Longman and Co. of London, with a Feral Critique against me; and that the *Third Article* of the above Number of the Edinburgh Review, is the produce of your contract.

It was likewise rumoured, in the same regions, that these Review Traders, had before applied to your Bellman at Frome; but he refused the dirty job, on the terms proposed. The spirited Bellman rejected the paltry offer of *one farthing a line*—the price, it seems, that was to be given for a Cow Pox *Finale* in the Edinburgh Review—and demanded *an half-penny;* which the oppressive, hard-hearted Word Merchants of that publication, absolutely refused to give.

Your answer to the High Contracting Parties, was not a bad one.—"That you could not neglect the souls of your *Customers* so long as you must do, to fabricate a Funeral Sermon on the dear departed VACCINA, for the miserable payment offered."—But, that you had—"a disciple, out of place, dwelling in the confines of Moorfields, a Limb of the Law, who, if he were sure of the money, would write *sixteen hundred lines* (the exact number wanted) for a farthing a line;" and so, being satisfied as to the money, for *thirty-three shillings* and *four pence*, you struck the fill-up bargain, for the Review.

You

You, ROWLAND, certainly stand exculpated by me, from being the author of the said Article. The Bellman exculpated himself. But what shall we say to your friend, in the Straight Waistcoat, who did execute the job?

Bad as you, and the Bellman are, we perceive, as we go along, that worse may be found. You both appear "*well favoured,*" compared with your disciple;—for

> "———— *not being the worst*
> *Stands in some rank of praise**."

You see, ROWLAND, I can be candid,—nay even civil, whenever a fair occasion offers.

I really thought before I saw this Article, that Cow Pox insanity had exhausted the inventory of human distraction; and that "*Herod*" had been so often been "*out Heroded,*" that no new folly and madness, in Cow Pox defence, could be found.

Your Moorfields friend has undeceived me. —We have from him, not only a repetition of the impotent rage, vulgar abuse, and impudent assertions, which have from the first characterised the Cow Pox delirium; but he has given us many pages of pure, new phrensy; decorated with all the fantastical conceits, of Tom-a-Bedlam †.

* Lear.

† The Publick will hardly think the fact possible, that the Cow Pox writers are now chiefly Lawyers; who having no practice, wish to earn an honest penny for advocating, not discussing the subject. This accounts for the unmedical language in this farrago, and also in some of the pamphlets we have seen.

In a vehicle, for heavy parcels, like the Edinburgh *Cloacan* Cart, where articles are not paid for *ad valorem*, but *by mensuration*,—differing in this respect from other Cow Pox Reviews,—we must not expect to find any short, smart, impertinent sallies of Cow Pox flippantness, such as adorn their pages *; but long, ass-eared, stupid, meagre, Northern blasts,—*two lines* for a *Bawbee*—which have of late been so much complained of, by the unfortunate purchasers of that *Quarterly* Abortion; and which are safely conducting it to the tomb of its *Annual* predecessor; and, to use the chaotic dialect of its own Cow Pox Critic,—to be there deposited, under "the shelter of that oblivion, to which it is rapidly descending †."—Reader,—is not this language cheap at a farthing a line?

If the herd of Cow Pox Critics, which it has been my hard lot so often to chastise, had not long since disgusted every rational person, by their total want of medical knowledge, decency, and candour, I should have undertaken to exhibit an whole length of this Edinburgh Cow Pox Lazarus, to the Publick:—spinning, like a spider, webs from his intestinal brains, for food,—to support a cause, that has been deserted on every ground, he has assumed; and given up, as no longer defensible, by the authors of a calamity, which, in spite of mercenary depravity, is hastening from the face of the

* See my COMMENTARIES on the Cow Pox, 2d Ed. pages 171, 2, 3.

† It is a misfortune to Literature, that there is no Publication at this time in Great Britain, of the nature of a Review, conducted with candour, decency, and learning. Such a work, but not an anonymous one, would meet with great success, and be of the utmost utility.

earth.

earth. However, if it be not my intention to follow this Jack-a-Lanthorn, through bog and briar, yet it is my duty to take off some of his rags, and tatters; and shew, that this half-starved Critic is at bottom a desperate Cow Poxer, under the garb of a maniac; smarting all over, with the festering sores which my pen has inoculated.

As the ARTICLE in question, called "WILLAN *and others* on Vaccination,"—(an Old Bailey sort of *alias* running-title),—was produced under this impression, I shall do little more than lump the rough commodity, with the loads of trash and ribaldry of the same sort; and after a few observations, in the usual way, consign this doleful Cow Pox Elegy, to eternal night.

My Critic sets out by stating, that—"the question is nothing less than, whether a discovery has actually been made, by which the lives of *forty thousand* persons may be annually saved in the British Islands alone; and double that number protected from lengthened suffering, deformity, mutilation, and incurable infirmity?" The answer is plain, to all but Cow Poxers. Such a discovery has not been made. My Critic might as well have put millions, as thousands. But I suppose he is of opinion with my very worthy friend Colonel George HANGER, that "*forty thousand* men are not to be *sneezed at* *." None but a bewildered Cow Poxer would have asked such a preposterous question.

This question is something like one proposed by Dr. JENNER. "Whether, if *one*

* See his excellent Military Dissertation on the Affairs of Brabant, published in 1792.

person

person in *an hundred*, after having had the Cow Pox, should be found susceptible of the Small Pox, this would invalidate the utility of the practice?"—Dr. WILLAN thinks not; nor even if *one* in *three thousand* were subject to Small Pox, after the Cow Pox.—This is Cow Pox logic. But, if such arrant stuff can prevail on any man to put into their Cow Pox Lottery, he deserves a blank for his credulity.

These conjecturalists would have been nearer the mark, in stating, that had the people of this country not discovered the fallacy of Vaccination, and had relied on its protection, forty-thousand lives might have been lost annually by the Small Pox; and double that number plunged into "lengthened suffering, deformity, mutilation, and incurable infirmity."

My Critic says, that Vaccination "must maintain its ground triumphantly, *if* it can be shewn to be *as effectual* a preventive of Small Pox, as the old Inoculation."—Well done, Critic! *If* that will not satisfy the most obdurate Anti Cow Poxer, I know not what will.

My Critic, moreover, says—"we conceive it to be clearly made out, that Vaccination, *if* it do not absolutely and certainly secure the patient from the contagion of Small Pox, *gives* him a security, at least as effectual as could be given by the old practice of Inoculation."—This is a Cow Pox *coup de grace*.

Now for a stroke of grammar, rhetoric, logic, and eke of physic. "A patient affected with Itch, is *prevented from taking* Small Pox, *only* as a man is *prevented from seeing* by the *swelling* of his eyelids; when the Itch is cured, and the swelling subsides, he is infected, and sees *as before*."

Again

Again. "A vaccinated patient is *prevented from taking* Small Pox, as a man is *prevented from seeing* by having the optic nerve destroyed,—he can *never see* again. In the one case, the *enemy* is resisted by *our own* superior force, and, *of course*, may be resisted *always*. In the other, he is only *repelled* by the accidental interference of *strangers*, and, *of course*, may overpower us as soon as *they turn their backs*."

It will scarcely be credited that this is literally, page 53 of the Review, the jargon of a man who presents himself as a Critic and Arbiter, in a medical dispute; and has the arrogance to talk of not "polluting his pages" with my writing, notwithstanding, he says, I am "*cried* up, as a man of infinite wit and humour."

This delicate gentleman likewise,—in language the most vile, abusive, and vulgar, is shocked at the coarseness, with which the Cow Pox dispute has been conducted. This is somewhat like a female sovereign of a brothel; who in a life of infamy, has the impudence to talk of chastity.

I do not know all Dr. THORNTON'S *brothers in education;* but this genius must certainly be one of them. Perhaps they are Brother-*Starlings*. All the fraterhood that have hitherto appeared in print, are equally ignorant of the common rules of grammar; and I have authority for stating, that the pamphlet in defence of Cow Pox, in which the English language, and common decency, are least violated, was not written by its reputed author; nor even by a medical man. It is strange, but true, that not one medical man of real learning, Dr. PEARSON excepted, has *espoused* Vaccination; and he I believe, begins to wish for a divorce.

But

But to return to the medical presumption of my Critic. Who ever heard that the *Itch* secured any person against Small Pox infection? No man, I will answer for it, whose imagination was not overrun by an incurable *Scabies Bovilla.*

The ludicrous part of the folly is, that my Critic has quoted *me*, for this notion, which has so infected the stamen of his intellects. Perhaps my Critic has *felt* this preservative power of the Itch. I have not; and arrogate no claim to the discovery.—It is all his own.—Moreover the passage in my TREATISE, page 79, alluding to this part of the subject, is not honestly given by my Critic; and he both misquotes, and misunderstands me. A confusion of head common to Cow Poxers.

It is impossible to conceive, what could be in the skull of this Critic, in putting the Cow Pox question to the vote. Perhaps the general election ran in his head; and he calculated on numbers.

He displays shrewd Parliamentary knowledge, when he discovers, that *thirty-seven* * are more than *three* †; and therefore concludes that the opinion of three, must be less than the opinion of thirty-seven.—Perhaps he means in *bulk*; not in *value.*

He urges, as another criterion, equally cogent; that my "opponents are *confessedly* learned, and judicious." Ergo I am *confessedly* neither

* Who gave the most decisive, and unqualified opinions, in favour of the Cow Pox before the Committee of the House of Commons, on Dr. JENNER's Petition.

† Dr. ROWLEY, Mr. BIRCH, and myself. Our evidences are well known.

one, nor the other. He seems moreover quite certain, that Anti-Cow Poxers, are but little better than Taylors; and that it would take three, to make a Cow Poxer. He proves this by clearly shewing, that there are some people who would give three times as much money for one of FARQUHAR'S, or BAILLIE'S, or WILLAN'S prescriptions, as they would for one of mine.—To be sure they would. I have had even old women preferred to me before now.—It is "*a mad world my masters.*"

My Critic,—a very Priscian—says of his Cow Pox friend Dr. WILLAN, by way of a gentle puff, that he—"it is well known, is the *Oracle* of the Metropolis in all cutaneous disorders; and has more practice in that department, than all the *rest* of his brethren put together."

Dr. WILLAN is here, brother to Dr. WILLAN. A very proper person for an *Oracle*.—Pray, Mr. *Oracle* WILLAN, was your predecessor at Delphos, own brother to himself?—Or did he, or you, ever see patches of hair, on any eschar, excepting those from foul Cow Pox sores, and ulcers?

This *Oracle* protests that he has not seen any new cutaneous diseases from the Cow Pox; which I conceive to be a great reflection on the extent of his practice, or of his understanding.

He certainly saw Mr. Grimaldi's son, —and tried to cure him, — who had a distinctly new disease, the *Scabies Bovilla;* the produce of the Cow Pox. The disease had been treated, before the child was brought to me, by some people, as the Itch; and by others, as a common cutaneous eruption; but could not be subdued. I treated the disease as a

new

new malady, having a peculiar origin, and removed it *.

I have said on a former occasion, that the Cow Pox has been productive of several new diseases; which I have classed, for the instruction of the *Oracle*, and some of his infallible brethren †. I have also said, that I have seen children die of the Cow Pox, without losing the sense of torment, even in the article of death ‡. I have lately witnessed a very distressing scene of this sort.

A CASE.

Mr. Abbot's son, aged nearly six years, at No. 74 Upper Sloane Street, was vaccinated when about six months old. A proper eschar was on his arm. Some time after, he broke out in large ulcers on his knees and face, which discharged a very offensive green matter. He had likewise a tumour on his head; and he was in great pain. These disasters, constituting one species of the *Elephantiasis Bovilla*, after some time, were removed.

He was attacked with fever and delirium on the 1st of October 1806; and in the course of a few days, he broke out in ulcers all over his back, with areolæ; many of them resembled the Cow Pox pustule; and I have no doubt, but matter taken from them, would have communicated that distemper.—He died on the 17th of the same month.

* See my COMMENTARIES on the Cow Pox, 2d Ed. p. 253.

† See p. 5, and COMMENTARIES, p. 105.

‡ See my TREATISE on the Cow Pox, 2d Ed. p. 95.

For more than a week before his death, he continued night and day, moaning, or screaming, in the most shocking manner; never quiet; but constantly wreathing and twisting himself about, in the utmost agony; his misery never quitted him, until his soul quitted his body.

A CASE.

ROWLAND, — this is a Case indeed! — You remember that you Cow Poxed the poor child in the Borough, mentioned p. 17, named Edward Gee, in the year 1804, when he was about four months old.

I saw this child frequently towards the end of the last, and in the beginning of the present year 1806; and as you know, related his case in my COMMENTARIES, 2d Ed. pages 54, 55 and 56. He was then, as he had been soon after he had the Cow Pox, labouring under a Vaccine diarrhœa, and the *Elephantiasis Bovilla*. There were patches of hair on his arms, neck, and shoulders, growing on the eschars of the ulcers that had dried up.—His sufferings continued until the 16th of the last month, November, 1806, when it pleased Almighty God to release him from his misery.

A few weeks previous to his death, the breakings out were unusually numerous; and some of them resembled the Cow Pox pustule. Through great part of the time of his affliction, he had seldom less than forty stools in the 24 hours.

ROWLAND,—break your lancet.

Among

Among the numerous instances daily occurring, of the inefficacy of the Cow Pox in preserving the constitution against the Small Pox, I will mention the following; in addition to the multitude of the same sort, which I and others, have already published.

CASES.

Mrs. Fenner, of Stockwell, as has been noticed by Mr. LIPSCOMB in his valuable publication intitled "*Cow Pox exploded*," died of the Confluent Small Pox, on the 7th of October 1806.

If the Cow Pox were a preservative against Variolous infection, it ought to have been so here; for Mrs. Fenner had the Cow Pox twice, in the natural way, as it is called, from milking. The first time, about fourteen years ago; when she lived with a farmer at Rutherford in Sussex; and the second time when she lived with another farmer at Lackbottom, near Farnborough in Kent.

During Mrs. Fenner's illness, on the 4th of October, being three days previous to her death, Mr. Henderson, of Clapham Road, with the dreadful example of Cow Pox insecurity before his eyes, vaccinated her four children.

The Cow Pox was produced, and went on regularly with all of them, through its stages.

Mr. WILLIAMS of Stockwell, a very skilful surgeon and apothecary, saw these children; and pronounced the Cow Pox to be perfect.

On the 12th of October, the eighth day after Vaccination, the youngest child John, aged four years, was seized with fever, &c.; and on the

the 14th of October, the Small Pox eruption appeared. He had a considerable number of pustules, which regularly advanced, and maturated properly.

The other three children were also attacked with the Small Pox; and went through the disease in the ordinary manner.

Mr. WILLIAMS informs me, it did not appear to him, that the Small Pox had any effect whatever, on the vaccinated arms of these children.

On the 20th of October Mr. WILLIAMS took matter from one of the children, Harriet, and inoculated Mr. Roberts's child, at the Stockwell Brewery, who had the Small Pox in the usual way; with about an hundred pustules.

It has been urged that the Small Pox, subsequent to Vaccination, is of a mild character; that the eruptions are small, and their maturation of a short duration. This may sometimes happen; but I have already given the Publick so many instances of deaths, from the Confluent Small Pox, after Cow Pox, that there is no relying on any certain result of Vaccination, even in this respect.

A CASE.

This morning, the 6th of December 1806, I have seen a child, Rebecca Brown, aged nearly four years and a half, at No. 38, Marylebone Street, who is loaded with Small Pox; the seventh day of the eruptions, which are now full of matter. This child had the Cow Pox about three years ago.

The

The Vaccinator pronounced her secure from the Small Pox.—There is an eschar on her arm.

I have requested Dr. PEARSON, the only person who seems to know any thing of the Cow Pox, to see this child.

Now for a review of my Reviewer, and so take my leave of him.

After the specimen I have given, of the qualification of this same Critic for his office, I should affront the sober sense of my readers, in placing before them any more of the barefaced effusions of such a raving mad Cow Poxer.

ROWLAND,—I hate cavilling; and though I did stoop to cavil at some of your slip-slop, yet I can hardly bring my mind down to prey on such garbage, as this subsidised critical Cow Pox Ally of yours, has furnished.

Besides the barbarous debasement, and entire ignorance of the idiom of the English language already noticed, he talks of "superstitious antipathies;" and that, "*to explain* this, it is only necessary *to recollect*;" "lower people;" "*athletic* critic;" control;" "*pre*conceived antipathies;" "*agrees* in thinking;" "resolves *itself* when strictly *considered*;" rather seems;" "Mr. Goldson's theory *need* not detain us very long. It exhibits, *we* think, as perverse an *application* of *scepticism* and *credulity* as *we* have ever *met* with;" *false* analogy;" "active *subsistence* of a previous disease;" "resistance;" "*there* is *here* a visible change;" "*we feel* that it does not depend;" "where Small Pox *have* really occurred;" "*alleged* failures;" "*alleged* vaccination;" "*very* many persons;" "irre-

" irrelative and evasive *inquiries*;" " without any more *ado*;" " *eloquent* publications;" " cases of failure in inoculated Small Pox must now be *picked up*, in a great measure, from old books and old people * :" &c. &c.

The only remarks deserving any serious notice, in all this piece of Cow Pox bellowing, are the following.

In speaking of Small Pox after Cow Pox, page 54, he says—" If the Cases are to be admitted at all, *it* would be more rational to suppose that *it* (Vaccination) imparted a weak, or imperfect *power* of resistance, which might be overcome by a powerful contagion." In the same page he says, speaking of Vaccination, " If Small Pox have repeatedly occurred after *it*, *it* must be rash to trust to *its* security, and the system must *eventually* be abandoned." — This, ROWLAND, as to doctrine, is all true; and you, who ought to have a fellow feeling for this pupil of yours, should make proper allowance for his orthography and diction. Yet, ROWLAND, this man has the assurance and ingratitude, to find fault with you. But I will punish him for that.

ROWLAND,—though you and I are at war,—a war of aggression on your part—I will not suffer this clumsy Cow Pox *Colbrand* to smite you. Courage, ROWLAND. You write better, and express yourself clearer than this illiterate blunderer; who has here confessed more I believe, than his accomplices, or employers will thank him for. It is the very ground on which I wish the Cow Pox to stand, or fall.

* He means *Old Women*; alas, poor Critic! The proprietors of the Edinburgh Review were in great luck, when they *picked* you *up*.

I have

I have some respect for Messrs. Longman and Co.; and having taken the trouble on their account, to read this solitary number of their property, I am sorry to inform them, that the Article in question, is as flimsy, but as coarse, scurrilous, and contemptible stuff, as ever entered into the composition of the *Edinburgh Review*,—which is saying a great deal; and excepting the "ravings of Bedlam, and the tropes of Billinsgate," it might have been comprised in ten lines, instead of sixteen hundred,—which they have the misfortune to pay for. The whole drift of the Job is simply this.

When a Case of unequivocal Small Pox happens after Vaccination, why then the Cow Pox is filched of authenticity, and is called, "*alleged* Cow Pox."

When Vaccination is admitted to have been perfectly performed, and Small Pox succeeds, then the Small Pox credit is filched, and it is nothing more, than "*alleged* Small Pox *."

ROWLAND,—to use your divine language,—"one sacred *touch* further."

This Cow Pox Solicitor says, page 62,—"on the whole *we* think there are not *fewer* than *twenty distinct Cases* of Small Pox *occurring* a second time in the *same subject*, each of *them* authenticated far more completely than any *one* that has been cited by the adversaries of Vaccination."

ROWLAND,—what can this jargon mean? Have adversaries of Vaccination ever attempted to authenticate, that twenty distinct Cases of Small Pox have occurred a second time in the

* Formerly it was called *supposed* Small Pox; and *supposed* Cow Pox!

same subject? No, ROWLAND,—You know better. You know, and so do I, that the Small Pox having once visited the human frame like a robber, plunders it, and never returns.

Whether impudence, or ignorance, be entitled to precedence in the literary pedigree of this Edinburgh gentleman, Cow Pox Heralds, who can best judge of his claims, must determine.

Popular pleasantry, however, is much excited at this Cow Pox Seer, being so astonished, that I should in 1798,—the first year of Cow Pox insanity,—have published against Vaccination, "on the basis of theory," before any person was practically acquainted with the subject; and that two years after I had "three times reprinted that miserable specimen of scurrilous buffoonery," I informed the Committee of the House of Commons, that I knew nothing of the Cow Pox practically, and possessed no information respecting the mischiefs and failure of Vaccination, but what I had from the report of others.

It must indeed seem supernatural to ignorant people, that I should, solely on the grounds of analogy and pathology, have produced a Publication, foretelling all the horrid events which have since taken place. You, ROWLAND, we know, thought it was by stellar witchcraft. THORNTON imagined that the Devil had made me a Prophet; and the Jennerian Society were afraid to touch my diabolical books.

I suppose this muddy-pated Cow Pox *Goth*, is not at all astonished at the late Quixotic expedition of the Spaniards, to propagate Vaccination in South America.—In that he and I agree.

It

It was an undertaking suitable to a barbarous nation; which in arts and knowledge has, at present, scarcely any rank in the civilized world. The Spaniards began to think of practising Vaccination, about the time when the English began to think of leaving it off.

I know the Indians well. They are sensible of the Spanish blessings, which Cortez and Pizarro carried to their forefathers. They will properly appreciate "the inestimable *gift* of Vaccine Inoculation*," from the hands of the Spaniards; notwithstanding "this precious preservative against the ravages of the Small Pox has already been extended through the whole of North America, to the Coasts of Sonora and Sinalo, and even to the Gentiles and Mophites of High Pimeria †."—These hard names must make the people of Cheltenham stare.

So much ROWLAND, for your *Edinburgh Review* Cow Pox Champion. Let us have done with him; for, according to the Arabians,—

"*He who washes an Ass, loses both water and soap.*"

When you speak of him in Surrey Chapel, you may say, he entered the field not like an *athletic* fair Critic, but like an *athletic* hired Bully, who boasting of the revenge he will take, begins an

* "*El inestimable don de la Vacuna.*" See the Supplement to the Madrid Gazette before mentioned; which Dr. JENNER has had reprinted, and also translated at Cheltenham.—In this Supplement, as I have stated, it is said that the Cow Pox was found among the Cows in South America; but not a word of *greasy-heels*, among the horses.—The fact is, that it is a disease unknown there.

† *Ibid.*

affray;

affray; then shuts his eyes; calls out murder! help! and after being well kicked, and having his *lugs* shortened—runs away.

You may add, that the wretched scribbler does not even know, that the Cow Pox leaders themselves, have not advanced one step into that part of the subject, on which all his visionary nonsense is founded. Nay,—they really do not know what the Cow Pox is.

Dr. JENNER solemnly asserts, that there is a *spurious* Cow Pox; and Dr. PEARSON as solemnly denies it.

What then becomes of the pretended cause of Cow Pox failures?

This is not all. Dr. JENNER tells us, that the matter for Vaccination should be fresh, and taken early in the disease; but Dr. PEARSON tells us, that it is of no consequence in what state the matter is when taken, or when used, provided it excites the disease.

What then becomes of the pretended cause of Cow Pox mischiefs?

Dr. JENNER says that *one* Vaccination secures a person for ever from the Small Pox; but Dr. PEARSON shews that *one* Vaccination will not secure a person for ever from the Small Pox.—In the REPORTS of both of their Societies, it is admitted, that the Small Pox has occurred, after indisputable and proper Vaccination; and Dr. PEARSON, like a man of honour, confesses that there are eruptive complaints, the peculiar offspring of Vaccination, and that fatal Cases have been occasioned by it.

Does any Cow Poxer know more of Vaccination than Dr. PEARSON, or Dr. JENNER?

These

These are Cow Pox Masters.—These are the two original, Cow Pox Philosophers,—and like Philosophers of old—they know a great deal;—for, they know, that they know nothing.

ROWLAND,—I wish you knew as much.

Thus, after a period of eight years experience of Vaccination, our College of Physicians may well be employed in ascertaining "the Causes which have hitherto retarded its general adoption."

10*th December*, 1806.

FINIS.

NICHOLS and SON, Printers, Red Lion Passage, Fleet Street.